

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### WOMAN'S SAFETY VALVE—TEARS

#### Chapter LXXXI.

Father Waverly has kept improving all day, and toward evening, although he was very weak from the rigorous treatment, the doctor said that it looked as though he could pull him through.

Mother Waverly went to sleep late in the afternoon, and the nurse whom Mollie and I had sent for made her appearance. Mrs. Waverly combatted against a nurse all day. She said she would not let anyone take care of her husband but herself; that she was perfectly capable of directing Mollie and me and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves not to want to take care of Dad.

"We would gladly do that if we knew how, but Dad is seriously ill and it isn't your directions that anyone must take," I told her, "but the doctor's, and a trained nurse will be much better able to carry them out than anyone of us. We might be doing things which would make him worse."

"You should not talk to me in that tone of voice," whimpered Mrs. Waverly. "It sounds as though you were talking to an unruly child."

"You are as foolish as a child, mother dear," said Mollie. "I am dead tired. I could not stay up tonight if I wanted to after twenty-four hours without sleep, and I can see that Madge could not hold out all night, and surely you are in bed and useless."

"Perhaps Dick will be home," moaned Mrs. Waverly.

"Father's life must not be dependent on 'perhaps,'" said Mollie decisively. "I have told the doctor to send us a nurse."

Mrs. Waverly took refuge in tears and muttered that she was of no account in her own home.

When 6 o'clock came I telephoned over to the hotel and found that Dick

had not returned. I was almost crazy and I kept moving about until Mollie again asked me the question: "What's the matter, Margie, are you worrying about Dick?"

"Of course not, dear, but I wanted to get him as soon as he had reached the hotel and tell him about Dad."

Again I asked myself: "Is it right to shield a man and lie for him as I am doing for Dick?"

Just then the telephone rang and I heard Mollie say: "Yes, Dick, this is Mollie. Yes, Margie is over here. She has been here ever since morning. Father is dangerously ill and we've been trying to get you all day."

I went out of the room hastily, for I could feel the sobs coming that all day I had tried to repress.

I went up to Dick's old room and threw myself on the bed and gave way to the tears I had been holding back all day. I do not cry easily, for the years of repression—when I was alone and felt it selfish to burden others with my sorrow—have done their work. But my very soul seemed racked with the sobs that I could not keep back another moment. I buried my face in the pillow, hoping to stifle them. It seemed as though my house of cards had toppled about my head. I could not see light ahead; I could not think Dick loved me; I even began to wonder if I still loved him.

Will life with him ever be just the same again?

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

#### ESCALLOPED CABBAGE

Boil until tender one-half of a large head of cabbage. Drain and cool. Put in buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and paprika. Add one cup of white sauce. Lift the cabbage that it may be mixed with the sauce. Put on a layer of grated cheese and a thin layer of bread crumbs. Bake for 15 minutes. Serve in dish in which it was cooked.